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A SKETCH

OF THE

LABORS, SUFFERINGS AND DEATH

OF THE

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.

BY A. D. GILLETTE, A. M.

PASTOR OF THE

ELEVENTH BAPTIST CHURCH,

PHILADELPHIA.



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Ind. 2010 (ind. 2010)

P R E F A C E .

WHEN the sad news of Dr. Judson's death came over the waters, I resolved to improve the event, for the good of the living. I prepared, and preached twice in the Church I serve, and once on exchange with the Rev. T. R. Taylor, a discourse, that, in compliance with the request of many, is given to the public in this little book, which is respectfully dedicated to the

Eleventh Church in Philadelphia, and the First Church in the city of Camden, N. J.

If this humble effort be blessed of God to an increase of love to his cause—if it enlarge the affections of Zion at home, towards missions abroad, the prayers of many hearers, and the aims of the author, will be answered, and the Lord's name be praised.

A. D. G.

Phila., Jan., 1851.



1 Kings xiv. 18.—“AND THEY BURIED HIM, AND ALL ISRAEL MOURNED FOR HIM.”

Jeremiah xlix. 23.—“THERE IS SORROW ON THE SEA.”

1 Thess. iv. 12-14.—“BUT I WOULD NOT HAVE YOU IGNORANT, BRETHREN, CONCERNING THEM WHICH ARE FALLEN ASLEEP, THAT YE SORROW NOT EVEN AS OTHERS WHICH HAVE NO HOPE. FOR IF WE BELIEVE THAT JESUS DIED AND ROSE AGAIN, EVEN SO, THEM ALSO WHICH SLEEP IN JESUS WILL GOD BRING WITH HIM.”

1 Cor. x. 1.—“MOREOVER, BRETHREN, ALL OUR FATHERS WERE UNDER THE CLOUD, AND ALL PASSED THROUGH THE SEA.”

Rev. xx. 13.—“AND THE SEA GAVE UP THE DEAD, WHICH WERE IN IT.”

A SKETCH

OF THE LIFE, LABORS, AND DEATH OF

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D.

AN esteemed correspondent of mine has said, opportunely for this occasion, "That if we were accustomed to rear tokens of remembrance for every blessing we derived from God, and to erect an altar, or a pillar, where we received a mercy, many would be the evidences which would be presented in the retrospection of our lives. It would be a befitting occasion to commemorate, as a pro-

minent blessing, the fact, that our eyes have been permitted to look upon the face, and our ears to listen to the voice of the departed Judson. Let the altar be kindled and the pillar be raised in our own bosoms, and the inscription be read in our lives.

Bereavement, in bold relief, juts out on our pathway at every step, and humanity requires us to drop a tear over the grave of the good and the great, and to mingle our unaffected sighs and sympathies with the widow and fatherless. Here we come to kindle a fire on the altar of love, and rear a pillar as a memorial of our affectionate regard and re-

collections of our great missionary friend.

The valley of life slopes to the waters of death, and affords an apt illustration of the life and death of him who, in early consecration to the service of God, banished himself from country, home, and friends, wandered through the valleys and jungles of heathendom, diffusing the gospel's light, and causing the desert to blossom as the rose—and finally entered the river of death, and made his sepulchre in the engulfing waters of the ocean.”

The Scriptures which I read to you, at the beginning of this dis-

course, I design to use, not as texts, but as appropriate mottoes, to stand at the head of what I now narrate concerning Adoniram Judson, D. D., the apostle and champion of American Missionaries among the heathen. That man of men—that missionary of missionaries—that noble representative of American enterprise, intelligence, and virtue, as they were developed in his life and death. And here let it be said and remembered that he was a poor, and comparatively, obscure clergyman's son—refuting, at every step of his progress from his cradle to his grave, what thousands beside him are refuting

by lives of inestimable utility, that the sons of clergymen are less promising and useful than the sons of men in other and secular pursuits.

Adoniram Judson was born in Malden, Massachusetts, August 9th, 1788. His father, Rev. Adoniram Judson, Sen., A.M., was then pastor of the Congregational Church in that town, but subsequently, and while his son was yet a mere boy, became Pastor in Plymouth.

No place on earth, perhaps, was more suitable than this, to plant the very germ of a noble, generous and daring spirit of thought, plan, and adventure in the mind and heart of

a guileless and enterprising boy. When his Puritan ancestor landed on that bleak and desolate place, called Plymouth Rock, he, with his noble compeers in religious freedom's daring crusade, cast off the yoke of kingly and priestly despotism from their necks, and began that rapid and true reformation from Papal delusion that culminated when Judson went far hence among the Gentiles.

It is well known that the characters of most men are formed by their early companions and education; that their necessary and chosen pursuits, with the position assigned

them in early life, have a powerful influence upon their ripening maturity; while there is positive proof, in the history of men, showing that much of their mental and moral character originates from inherent elements, for which they are indebted to the Creator alone. The reason and affections seem not to be so yieldingly subordinate to circumstances as to assume their entire stamp and undeviating direction.— Opportunities do not create, but they develope, and very essentially modify, character. The village Hampden—or the mute, inglorious Milton—or the dreaming Bunyan, and the

patient, studious, language-learning Carey, may exist in many a boyhood circle or retired cottage. The call of an injured country—the inspirings of a true poetic genius, or the liftings up of holy faith, are only wanting to arouse their valor, kindle their imaginations, or reveal to them the experience of a pilgrim fleeing from the city of destruction to the city of the living God; or a heathen world turning from dumb idols to the service of him who is their Maker and Redeemer. Mere circumstances could not bestow the patriotism of Washington, the genius of Milton or Bunyan, any more than they could

give to Massillon, Whitfield, or Staughton, their enrapturing eloquence. No influence known to us could have inspired Carey to leave his shoe bench and prepare to become the Hindoo translator, except it be that all-powerful operation of the Spirit of God on a heart which divine benevolence had created large and noble enough to "expect great things, and attempt great things."

On this very account we are anxious to learn something of the early history of individuals who have become distinguished for unusual endowments or remarkable achievements. We conclude, at once, that

they must have shown in childhood some of the striking peculiarities which marked their riper years. No one wonders that Columbus employed his childish fancy in making little ships, and sailing them across his father's fish pool. None doubt but that Napoleon constructed pigmy batteries, and destroyed them with his mimic artillery, to the delight of his play-fellows, on the school house common. None will wonder that *Adoniram Judson*, at an age when most young men need the commanding force of a rigid master to make them think or act, in a way at all worthy, of their future necessities,

was engaged in planning and maturing those great ideas and achievements, which have, since that time, given to the Church and the myriad heathen a host of converts and Christian warriors, "of whom the world was not worthy."

I was assured, from his own lips, that in early life Dr. Judson was remarkable for active restlessness of mind, extreme gaiety of disposition, a high relish for social life and fashionable amusements, all combined with an ardor of purpose, and an energy of pursuit that never tired. His mind was all activity and enterprise. He was fertile in expedients

and plans, and as indefatigable in their prosecution as his health and life would admit of. Intelligent observers of men and manners will readily perceive that an eager thirst after, and pursuit of knowledge, would enter strongly into the elements which combine in forming such a character. This was remarkably true in Dr. Judson's case—he loved study; it alone could lure him from his social habits or his gay companions;—and having, through the generosity of his excellent father, means at command, he entered, at an unusually early age, well prepared, one of the classes at Brown Uni-

versity, Rhode Island, and graduated in 1807, being then only nineteen years old.

Unhappily, as too many rapid thinking young men have done before him, and since his day, Dr. Judson early imbibed doubts concerning the truths of the Christian Scriptures; but, possessed of a reflecting and investigating mind, he took due time, during a leisurely journey he had set out upon of a tour through the States, to examine, and thoroughly analyze, his irreligious opinions. This investigation resulted, as all sincere inquiries upon religion do, when deeply pursued,

in ultimate convictions, clear and powerful, of the divine reality of the religion of Jesus Christ.

Young Judson felt, however, that so important a subject demanded a thorough research; and he, with a promptness and a self-denial ever since conspicuous in his career, suspended his travels, flew back to maternal embraces and a father's counsels, and, availing himself of his father's various library, the Holy Scriptures, his own scholarship, uninterrupted application, and disingenuous research, gave himself up entirely to the leadings of glorious and all-conquering truth. Need I add, that

truth took the sincere young inquirer by the hand, and led him to a view of himself as a sinner, needing forgiveness and mercy? He sought, and, being in earnest, he soon found them in the surrender of his heart to entire dependance, through faith, on Jesus Christ, who was made unto him "righteousness, sanctification, and complete redemption." At this time, his chief studies were the evidences of Christianity and their collateral branches of learning. For the sake of enlarging his facilities for Biblical research, he went to Andover, and attended the lectures which were delivered there, in the

Theological Seminary, intent upon the one great aim, but as yet making no profession of piety of heart.

With such a mind, impelled by such high aims, and aided by such generous means, originated and attended, as his convictions evidently were, by the Holy Spirit of God, our young inquirer after truth and salvation soon became a hopeful and decided disciple; and entered by a public profession, a life of learning and obedience in the school of Christ, and became a student of systematic Theology in the Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. While studying, his last year, in that school of the

prophets, young Judson read Buchanan's Researches, and sermon called, "The Star in the East," and soon resolved to give himself up entirely to divine guidance, as to his future services in the cause of his Master, and the field where they should be performed. He communicated his feelings, and suggested his plans to Messrs. Hall, Newell, and Nott, his fellow-students, kindred spirits, and ultimate fellow-laborers, the first missionaries that were sent from the American Churches to the heathen of Asia.

If God's providence conferred on one man, more than any other, the

honor of originating the great mission of his love to the perishing millions of India, and of imparting the missionary spirit—that spirit of Christ—to the millions in the churches of America, that man, thus honored, was Adoniram Judson; yet his Christian modesty, and fidelity to an agreement entered into with his three friends—an agreement ever since sacredly kept—has yielded to a common sharing of the glory among this more than hero band. From no one of their laurelled brows would the generous pluck a single leaf of the evergreen that bedecks and well becomes them each and all—for

“ They alone are worthy.”

It is, however, no more than just to say, that before Judson knew that either of the others had thought, said, or done any thing in the great enterprise, he had thought, read, and prayed, and even consecrated himself to the cause of missions, and commenced a series of efforts, which would most likely have resulted in his going to India, had his noble associates remained unknown to him, or to the world.

As early as 1806, the Baptist Churches in America had their hearts and hands employed in contributing more than three thousand dollars

annually to the work of giving a pure religion to the millions of Asia, through Drs. Carey, Marshman, Ward, and other missionaries who had gone there from the English Baptist Church.

Robert Ralston, Esq., of Philadelphia, himself a liberal donor, was the medium of these remittances; he had become interested in the cause through the agency of that noble friend of his and the world, Dr. Staughton, who enrolled among his coadjutors, Williams, of New York, Baldwin, of Boston, and Furman, of South Carolina. Little thought these great lights in our

zion, that while they were thus doing for the world what has proved to have been the beginning of what is now being done, that communing in his father's retired study was a mere boy, who, with the spirit of an almost angel martyr, would ere long kindle a light on heathen soil that should out-dazzle the sun, and that, by their aid and influence, thousands of Gentiles should be drawn to its rising. Yet so it was; for about this time young Judson was hard at work, finding out, for the Church and the world, the meaning of our Lord's last great command. And not less hard was the task which fell upon

him afterwards, in persuading his Christian fathers and countrymen to understand it as he did, and extend to him that fellowship and aid which was requisite, in order that he might practically obey the command, and consider himself "devoted to this work for life, whenever God in his providence shall open the way."

Dr. Judson wrote a communication, which was read before an association held in Bradford, Massachusetts, stating the readiness of himself and three other kindred souls—martyr spirits—to be sent to India to preach the Gospel. This document roused a few spirits in the

land, and resulted in the formation of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions."

It is evident that these young aspirants for usefulness and self-sacrifice expected a prompt appointment as Missionaries to the heathen; but they were doomed early to learn disappointment and patience in the things they suffered. With plans immature, destitute of funds, and not yet half fired with zeal, the Board very cautiously advised them "to tarry at home, and continue their studies, and *wait* for further light." How evident it was that these venerable men of God had not

yet so fully entered upon the possession of that enlarged view of Christian usefulness which was expanding the hearts and energizing the desires of these young men, who were ardently panting for leave to go hence among the heathen. These moral heroes, though they were young, understood what a member of their own State legislature had said—"That religion is a singular commodity; the more we export of it, the more we have at home." A saying originating whence all wise counsels and all good works proceed—in that holy book which says, "Give, and it shall be given unto you again, good mea-

sure pressed down and running over."

From this juncture, the interest rose in behalf of missions—it indicated a wide spread under-swell in the Church—individual consecrations were only the topmost waves.

Judson, in the mean time, had corresponded with distinguished English Christians, for the purpose of informing them of his views, and of obtaining information. He was soon invited to visit England. The American Board sent him to ask help of the London Society, in case he could not be sustained with funds from home. The ship he sailed in was

captured, and put into Bayonne, France, where he was consigned to a miserable dungeon, and treated as a prisoner. An American gentleman, after considerable time, and much effort, obtained his release. With great difficulty, arising out of the war then raging between Britain and America, Judson obtained passports from Napoleon, and went to London, where he received information, advice, and encouragement; and after a year's absence, and much perilous adventure, he returned in safety to his home.

In 1812, the American Board embarked, under their auspices, Mr. and

Mrs. Judson, Mr. and Mrs. Newell, on board the ship Caravan, for Calcutta, with orders, if it were possible, to establish a Christian mission somewhere in the populous kingdom of Burmah. During the voyage, while Judson was engaged in studying and translating his Greek Testament into English, he often remarked as a fact, that was then new to him, that Baptist Christians were true to the original Scriptures, in their views and practices regarding the subjects and mode of baptism. Expecting to meet Dr. Carey and others already in India as missionaries, he resolved to examine

thoroughly the subject, not doubting but that he should yet discover counter proof, and be able to abide by his early education; but as has generally been experienced, further research led him to further light, and resulted in convincing him that Pede-baptism was man's invention, and that penitent believers in Jesus Christ were the only proper subjects, and that burial in water, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, was the only gospel baptism. Mrs. Judson, also, after protracted study during their long voyage, which she also continued some time after their arrival in Cal-

cutta, came finally to the same conclusion. Here it is proper to state that the English missionaries, having cordially received, and most hospitably entertained our friends, at their homes, as Congregational missionaries, free of expense, with prudent delicacy had wholly refrained from conversing with them upon the subject, and knew nothing of their trials until they were informed by their guests of an entire conversion to baptist views, accompanied with a request for baptism at their hands. Mr. Ward buried these lovely disciples in baptism, in Calcutta, Sept. 6th, 1812. Rev. Luther Rice sailed

from Philadelphia the same year, under a similar appointment, and while far, far at sea, he arrived at the same conclusion, and was baptized also, soon after his arrival in India.

No Christian contemplates these changes, in connexion with the world's wants and Zion's general supineness, without adoring the Almighty skill that wrought such results, and thereby threw upon the bosoms of the baptist thousands of this country such missionaries. He did it that their kindling sensibilities might blaze out, and their vast and rapidly accumulating strength might

rouse itself in behalf of suffering heathendom.

The course of true devotion to the cause of pure religion does not generally run smooth in this world, where human plans and interests are laid on the corrupt basis of human interests; for these, alas! are at enmity with God, and the true, eternal interests of the race. Our devoted young missionaries were soon summoned by government before its tribunals, and ordered immediately to leave the country, and return to America. The captain of the ship Caravan was assured that he could have no port clearances unless he

took those fanatics home. The East India Company were hostile, from selfish motives, to any effort at improving the moral condition of the Hindoos, among whom they were engaged in traffic. No hope beamed on their path, to strengthen and encourage them in their purposes of good to Asia, unless they could go where this wicked government had no authority. Difficulties between England and Burmah appeared to forbid their going to the latter kingdom. They asked and obtained leave to go to the Isle of France, while Luther Rice returned to America, where by the Baptist Churches he

was welcomed with enthusiastic affection. The American Baptist Triennial Convention, for missionary purposes, was formed, and these holy soldiers of the Cross became its first missionaries; their commission was shown to me by Dr. Judson, as an honorable relic, being brought by him to this country, on his late visit here. Looking in several directions for openings into which to enter and labor, from all of which, however, they seemed to be shut out, they finally sailed for Rangoon, Burmah, and entered upon their glorious toils. From the very beginning, it seemed evident that Jehovah had designed

this field to be cultivated by American Baptists—here the immortal Judsons found a home, and began their work, with the comfortable assurance that it was their Master's pleasure to give them success in winning souls to his cause and crown. Here, deprived of all civilized associates, they began their study of the Burman language, and their work of preaching among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

In order to obtain an interpreter, Dr. Judson sailed for Chittagong, where were some Arracannese converts. No sooner were they at sea, than contrary winds set in, and the

captain, violating his engagement, sailed for Madras. Dr. Judson had to look reluctantly upon the retiring outline of the Burman mountains, and be borne toward a port which he had no wish to visit, and where he had no object to obtain. Opposed by contrary winds and currents, their voyage was prolonged to twelve weeks, and they were put on very short allowance of food and water. Dr. Judson's health became enfeebled, and his eyes were much inflamed. Yet, from Masulipatam, where the ship landed, he had to journey over land three hundred miles to Madras, from which, not

until some months after could he obtain a passage back to Rangoon.

Soon as he could, he published portions of the sacred Scriptures and tracts, in the language of the natives, and erected a sacred edifice, wherein he began to preach to the people in their own tongue, wherein they were born, the wonderful works of God. On the 27th of June, 1817, the waters of the Irawady were entered by this moral hero with a native convert, who was publicly baptized by Judson, on profession of his faith, in the name of the Lord Jesus.

About this time, leaving their families at Rangoon, Messrs. Judson

and Colman visited the Emperor in his capital, to obtain privileges which they considered were requisite for the more successful prosecution of their work. After many hardships in proceeding in small boats up the Irawady three hundred and fifty miles, they were obliged to return without having obtained any favor from that heathen king. Mrs. Judson soon after this visited America and England, and was every where, by almost all Christians, received with marks of the most honorable and religious distinction, and was eminently successful, especially so, in awakening an intelligent missionary

spirit among the females in the various Churches of our country. In the mean time, others from America had joined this martyr band, and the Emperor, hearing of the medical character of Dr. Price, ordered him to visit the capital. Judson resolved to go there again. They were most favorably received, and soon both, with their families, settled under the shadow of this recently frowning monarch's auspices.

Soon another bitter ingredient, however, was added to the cup of which these devoted missionaries were to drink even to its dregs. War was let loose with all its hor-

rors, between the Bengal English and Burmans. Being English in manners, dress, language, and religion, the refined barbarians of Burmah could not distinguish between these innocent missionaries and the powerful and crushing nation whose soldiers were desolating their cities and ravaging their homes. Chains and imprisonments, surpassing all in suffering that the most alarmed and fertile imagination can conceive, were inflicted upon them with a severity of rigor which only savage cruelty could be capable of inventing. When he was with us here, we repeatedly saw the scars which fetters

—sometimes double sets, and even five sets at a time that he had worn—had made upon the limbs of the hero Judson.

Often, alas! without doubt, these afflicted but happy Christians inquiringly sung—

“ Oh! who could bear life’s stormy
doom,

Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the
gloom,

Our peace-branch from above:
But sadness touched by thee grows
bright,

And sorrow fades away,
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We could not see by day.”

Having passed through many trying scenes before, yet in this they would have perished, had it not been for the blessed promise, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

In 1822, Dr. Judson writes, "I have baptized *one* man only since I wrote you, nor are there any others preparing to come forward. I am fully persuaded that the way will soon be opened for the introduction and establishment of true religion in this country. Difficulties may obstruct, delays may intervene, the faith of missionaries and their supporters may be severely tried; but at the right time—the *time* marked

out from all eternity—the Lord will appear in his glory. I believe it is the desire of us all to live and die among the Burmans.” *Dr. Judson* was eminently and at all times a man of great faith. In a letter to the Rev. Luther Rice, anticipating the hope deferred, which was making the hearts of some sick, he says, “If any ask what success I meet with among the natives, tell them to look to Otaheite, where the missionaries labored nearly twenty years, and not meeting with the slightest success, began to be neglected by all the Christian world, and the very name of Otaheite was considered a shame

to the cause of missions; but now the blessing begins to descend. Tell them to look at Bengal also, where Dr. Thomas had been laboring seventeen years before the first convert, Krishno, was baptized. When a few converts are once made, things move on; but it requires a much longer time than I have been here to make a first impression on heathen people. If they ask, again, what prospect of *ultimate* success is there? Tell them, as much as that there is an almighty and faithful God, who will perform his promise, and no more. If this does not satisfy them, beg them to let me stay and make the attempt,

and let you come and give us our bread; or, if they are unwilling to risk their bread on such a forlorn hope as has nothing but the word of God to sustain it, beg of them, at least, not to prevent others from giving us bread. And if we live some twenty or thirty years they may hear from us again."

Thirty years have elapsed—Judson has staid, has toiled, has suffered, and died, in Burmah, and we *have* heard from him again and again; and if what we have thus heard does not convince us, neither will we believe even though Judson now were to rise from his sublime ocean grave.

Dr. Judson had many interviews with the king and court, where he answered a thousand questions, and writes—"Thanks to God for the encouragement of this day. The monarch of the empire has heard, and distinctly understood, that some of his subjects have embraced the Christian religion, and his wrath has been restrained. Let us hope, that as he becomes more and more acquainted with its solemn realities, he will be more and more willing that his subjects should embrace them."

About this time, a large army was raised by the Emperor, with which to invade the British interests in

Bengal, and a pair of golden fetters were provided, to be worn by the English Governor General of India, when he should, as they had no doubt he would, be led in captivity to the golden feet at Ava. The British resolved to anticipate the blow, and sent an army of six thousand men to Rangoon, in May, 1827. So unlooked for were they, that the Burmans, except firing a few shots along the river banks, made no resistance. Messrs. Wade and Hough, of the Rangoon Mission, were in prison, in chains, their heads lying on the block, under sentence of death, if another shot was fired upon

the town, and the sentence was only averted by a cessation of the bombardment for a season.

Great solicitude was now felt for the Judsons and others at Ava. For several months no intelligence was received of their condition. All was fear, lest they had fallen victims to the resentment of the natives, who were smarting under the successes of the every where victorious English army. For almost two long years, the cloud which concealed their fate from their missionary associates and friends at home, hung dark, impenetrable, and portentous—suspense, as dreadful as the most awful certainty, agitated

the minds of all with alternate hopes and fears. Indeed, there was no hope but in God, who delivered Daniel, and Paul, and Bunyan, and Wade and Hough, from prison, fetters, and death. Prayer went up from the faithful, that Jehovah would protect his servants from the rage of the heathen and the horrors of war.

If the pain of suspense was great, what must have been the agonies of those heavenly-minded sufferers, can only now be imagined. Some account, however, is given by Mrs. Judson to her brother, Dr. Elnathan Judson, then a surgeon in the American army, and it is related with a

pathos that can only be realized by carefully reading the whole of that remarkable woman's thrilling story.

They had met at Dr. Price's house, in the proud city of Ava, the capital of the Burman empire, to worship God, and so become strong for rapidly approaching trials. Dark browed idolaters, travelling the streets without, became ferociously agitated, intelligent foreigners were alarmed, as news of the approach of a formidable English army came up from the city of Rangoon.

Tuesday, the 8th of June, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, with their two little Burman girls, were rushed upon by

fierce men, led by a native officer holding a black book in his hands, accompanied by another dignitary with a spotted face, who was the son of the prison, or as it means—executioner. Spotted face threw Dr. Judson on the floor, and tightly bound the torturing cords around his limbs. “Stay,” cried the agonized wife. “I will give you money. O have pity! Loose that tightening rope.” But no mercy moved his hard heart—a scowl of terrible ferocity covered his brows, and he yelled in tones of fiendish rage, saying, “She, she also is a white foreigner—tie her too.” Spotted face dragged

Dr. Judson from the presence of his imploring wife, threw him violently upon the ground, and placing his knee upon the victim's breast, in order thereby to increase his power, tightened the ropes so much about his chest that he could with great difficulty draw his necessary breath.

"Now give me silver and the cords shall be loosed," cried the savage.

A converted Burman ran to the almost heart sickened wife for the money; but Dr. Judson, nearly exhausted with torture, was crying,

"Is there no one who knows me present? no one who will be security for the money until the messenger

returns? Is there no one who pities me? The only response was an increased tightening of the cords, until the convert came with the money. Soon he was slightly relieved, but cumbered with three pairs of fetters, and then tied to a pole with other wretched prisoners, who were his companions in misery, they were pushed into their cell, and the doors of the *death* prison closed upon them—"where, at midnight, they prayed and sung praises to God, and the prisoners heard them." The wives of Price and Judson were each in her own solitary abode alone, anxious for their tortured husbands,

and praying God to strengthen them for the worst. Mrs. Judson was brutally placed under the guard of ten ruffians, who, after a few hours, ordered her to come out to them, under the fearful threat that, if she refused, they would demolish her house. She barred her doors, and resisted. Her unprotected condition—her uncertainty of the fate of Dr. Judson—the dreadful carousings and diabolical language of the guard, made that an awful night indeed to this young Christian heroine. Wishing to know the fate of her husband, and, if possible, to alleviate his sufferings, she wrote to her former

friend, one of the king's sisters, who alas! refused to do any thing for her now she was afflicted, and as she considered in disgrace. After three days had elapsed, by giving one hundred dollars, she obtained the melancholy pleasure of meeting her loved one with only a prison door between them. Here the miserable sufferer crawled, dragging his three pair of iron fetters, as near to her angel form as he could, where, after an exchange of a few words of mutual endearment, she was roughly ordered to depart, and Dr. Price says, "the sight affected even one of the keepers to sobbing."

By earnest solicitation, Mr. Judson finally obtained leave for the missionary prisoners to come into the out door yard of the jail, and occupy an open shed, where, freed from the pole to which they had been bound, and the stench of the death place, they were allowed to breathe better air, and enjoy the almost angel visits of his sorrowful wife. Soon all their household goods were confiscated; but she was wise and successful in secreting a few hundred dollars in cash, which became of great use to them in the course of their protracted sufferings and the extravagant extortions which followed. Her

next resort was an effort with the queen; but, alas! in disgrace now, as this proud heathen woman supposed, the court regulations forbid all intercourse with royalty by any persons in disgrace; but, finally, through the wife of the queen's brother, Mrs. Judson was kindly listened to by imperial ears; but the only reply from that sister female was, "The teachers will not die, let them remain as they are;" and ten more dreary days passed ere she could be admitted even to a sight of her forlorn husband. Servants were forbid to give him food without an extra fee; and for several dreary

months, this ministering spirit traversed the streets of Ava under burning suns, and with feeble form, asking succor and pity from one and another of the royal family, to obtain her husband's and Dr. Price's release. She was frequently forbid seeing them, and for days together she was only allowed to go into his dungeon at night, from which she had two miles to walk, to return to her desolate home. She says, "How many, many times, have I returned from that dreary prison, at 9 o'clock at night, solitary, and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and thrown myself down in that same rocking chair,

which was given me by my friends at Boston, I endeavored to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners. But the acme of my distress was that my husband would suffer a violent death, and that I should, of course, become a slave, and languish out a miserable existence in the tyrannic hands of some unfeeling master. But the consolations of religion were neither few nor small. It taught me to look beyond this world to that rest—that peaceful, happy rest—where Jesus reigns, and oppression never enters.”

My hearers, amid all these months of sorrow, let me add what this deli-

cate female has scarcely alluded to, and it must come with a tender eloquence to every mother's heart—that in the midst of these scenes at the death prison, and with but a temporary cessation of her visits to that repulsive abode of filth, and horror, and death—while the father of the innocent babe that struggled in her womb was chained in a noisome dungeon, and fed by her fair hands, their little Maria was born. After a few days, she was presented at the prison door, where, borne on the arms of a faithful Christian servant, accompanied by that tender mother, hoping to beguile his sadness, she

conferred on him the melancholy luxury of a sight, for one hour at a time, of this tender pledge of their mutual love, his gentle infant daughter.

But, as if this were too great a luxury for the fiends to allow, Dr. Judson was soon thrust again into the inner prison, and two more, making five pairs of fetters, were fastened on his galled and wasted limbs. Quick, as usual, to interpose, she besought the governor for mercy, and so won upon his heart, that with tears he told her, he had received repeated orders to put all the white foreigners to death, and

he could do no less than let the fetters remain, but added, that if compelled to behead all the rest, he never would execute her husband, but he could not release him from fetters and imprisonment, and she must not ask it. Soon she was allowed only five minutes' time for each visit to the prison door, where, owing to the hot season and filth of the apartments, a sickening sight, indeed, was presented, and soon her weary, wo-worn husband sunk under disease, and was nigh to a certain release, the only one that seemed near—death, and departure to that land, where the wicked cease from

troubling and the weary are at rest.

Permission was graciously given, and she erected a small bamboo room, in the old governor's yard, nearly opposite the prison door. Into this humble shelter she removed, and where she so repeatedly entreated the governor, that at last literally worn out with her importunity and continued coming, he removed her husband into better apartments, and gave her leave to go in at pleasure, and watch over him in his suffering condition, and administer needful medicine and nourishment. She says, "It was a

hovel, so low that I could not stand upright, but it was, indeed, a *palace*. compared with the place he had left."

But, alas! alas! this was a luxury by far too sweet to be long enjoyed by these more than Christian martyrs. In three days she was summoned by the governor, on pretext of consulting her about his watch. She had just gone with some food to her husband. As she returned to her little bamboo home, lo! it was left unto her desolate. She ran into the street, inquiring which way and where now had these suffering men been dragged. She hurried, finally,

to the governor, who said, "They have gone to Amarapoora, and you can do nothing more for your husband, take care of yourself." She says, "With a heavy heart, I went to my room, and having no hope to excite me to exertion, I sunk down almost in despair. Several days previous, I had been actively engaged in making my own little hovel comfortable. My thoughts had been almost entirely occupied in contriving means to get *into* prison. But now I looked towards the gate with a kind of melancholy feeling, but not with a wish to enter. All was the stillness of death."

This removal was a harsh one. A jailor rushed upon Dr. Judson in his little bamboo room, roughly seized him, pulled him out, and stripped him of most of his tattered garments, took his shoes, hat, and all his effects; took off his chains, tied a rope round his waist, and dragged him to the court house. Here all the prisoners were tied two and two, and delivered to the Lamine Woon, who rode before them, while his slaves drove the prisoners, holding fast to a rope that connected them in pairs. It was one of the hottest days in the year, and in the month of May, and eleven o'clock in

the day, so that the sun's rays were, in that tropical latitude, perpendicular, and powerful even to burning. Soon Dr. Judson's feet were so badly blistered by the hot sands and stones over which they dragged him, that they became destitute of skin. Yet they were goaded on by their unfeeling drivers, leaving on the gravel, which was like coals of fire to their limbs, "*the bloody tracks of their raw and lacerated feet.*"

Mr. Judson, you must know, was yet ill with his sickness which he contracted in the death prison, and he fainted and failed about half way on the journey. On reviving, he

begged permission to ride, saying he could go no further in that dreadful state. A scornful scowl and a malignant look was all he received in reply. Captain Laird, of the British army, with whom he was tied, allowed him to take hold of his athletic shoulders, and so keep from sinking. But after dragging on about a mile in this way, the kind hearted soldier had to say it was more than he could bear, as he was fast fainting from agony and fatigue. Just at that instant a Bengalese servant came up, and, seeing their distress, took off his turban or head-dress, tore it in two, gave half to his

master, Mr. Gouger, and half to Dr. Judson, which he soon wrapped around his feet, and thus became enabled to proceed again on his dreary march. The tender hearted servant then offered his shoulder to Dr. Judson, and by that means almost carried him the remainder of the way. But for this timely aid, Dr. Judson must have died, as did the poor Greek gentleman, one of their melancholy company, and a very corpulent man;—having sunk down in the sand, he was put into a cart and drawn two miles, but expired an hour after they arrived at the court house. At sight of his

death they were allowed to stop over night, else they would probably all have perished ere the end of their journey had been reached. An open shed, without mat or pillow or covering, was their night accommodation. The wife of the Lamine Woon, led by curiosity to visit them, their sad condition so excited her sensibilities, that she provided some plain rice, tamarinds, and sugar, for their refreshment, poor as it really was; yet from fatigue, and having eaten nothing the day previous, it was grateful and very refreshing to these hungry and tortured men. Early the next morning, food was given

them, and carts prepared to carry them in, as none of them were able to walk. All this time they knew nothing of their probable fate, or of the intention of their persecutors. When they arrived at Oungpen-lay, however, and saw the dilapidated prison, they all concluded that, according to report which had been circulated at Ava, they were very soon to be burnt. For this awful death they now began to prepare their minds; and not until repairs of the old prison had begun, did they question for a moment but that this lingering death awaited them. During all this time, Dr. Judson was

seated on the ground under a low projection, outside of the prison, chained to his companion in agony, the generous captain, thinking of what was the propable condition and feelings of that noble and tender wife, who was left in Ava ignorant of his condition, and of what of torture and torment yet awaited him. He asked what was her probable agony as she returned to their little bamboo cage, and found that he, the sorrowful prison bird, alas! was not there. On one occasion, as he was offering prayer that Jehovah would support her in that bitter agony which he knew she must now feel,

when, as he lifted his swollen eyes, he saw rapidly approaching him that still undaunted and noble wife, with her little Maria, a babe of three months old, in her arms. She ran to embrace his wo-worn form, and to bind up his bleeding feet, and kiss away the hot tears as they coursed each other down his grief furrowed cheeks. The first words of his lips, like the first impulse of his tender heart for her, were of mingled sadness and pity. "Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here."

Ah! Well, what else, thought she, "if I cannot live here, I can die

here—since duty and love demand my presence—and it would be well worth my life to soothe the sufferings and alleviate the sorrows of one so dear to me as you are. And who knows but what I may, by conjugal care, preserve a life so precious to the spiritual good of its persecutors; or if God has so designed that you should become the victim of their cruelty, may it not be mine to soothe your dying moments by accents of tenderness, piety, and love?" Who, knowing that woman, and the man she loved from early youth, wonders that, like some ministering spirit, she sought until she found the place

to which bloody and cruel men had driven him to die? Love lent her wings to traverse the burning sands of that desert road; and with her sad hearted baby at her breast, she had hastened all the dreary way, until seated by the side of her beloved, she could say, "My dearest, trust in God, he is stronger than man." "Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Oungpen-lay is as memorable in the history of our suffering missionaries as was the fiery furnace, the lion's den, or the prison at Philippi, to the worthies of Scripture renown.

Mrs. Judson calls it, "That never to be forgotten place." Having found her bleeding, sick, and almost dying husband, her next efforts were to mitigate, if possible, the pangs he endured. She had not, however, a place to lay her own weary head, for the first night she was there. She begged of one of the jailors the privilege of erecting a little bamboo room, as she had done on a former melancholy occasion; but he refused her even this small favor, but let her go and occupy, in a miserable hovel, an apartment that was half filled with grain. Here, pressing her sorrow-born Maria to her aching

heart, she lay down on a mat spread out on a heap of rice, and endeavored to get a little rest for her weary limbs and her grief laden eyelids. In this poor place, without even a chair or a seat of any kind, did this refined and devoted woman, with her sad hearted baby and two little adopted Burman girls, spend the next six long months; and need I say to you, my sisters, that they were months of weariness, sickness, and sorrow. Dr. Judson's fever continued for some time, as did the awful soreness of his feet, which had been so cruelly burned and mangled on their march from Ava.

She hoped to have had a nurse for her babe, in the Burman girl, but she did not realize her wishes. The small-pox came, and cut this poor girl down. Alas! alas! a suffering husband needing medicine, and no kind friends or neighbors to go to—a sorrowful baby, dearer to the mother because it was indeed a child of sorrow, and had been from the time it first hung upon her bosom, and sought almost in vain that nourishment, which excess of agony, and watchfulness, had nearly dried up. Yet she toiled on, attending to the sick girl and baby at home, and the poor suffering one at the prison.

It was a happy but sad relief, when she could occasionally lay her little Maria by the side of her father, in his prison, and go out for an hour to attend to a few duties that were imperious and indispensable.

Look in upon that scene a few moments now, especially you, my friends, who sneeringly ascribe to juvenile romance or misguided superstition, the spirit that takes young men and women on a mission to the heathen world. What carried and what bound the heart of the Judsons to cruel Burmans? Poor little Maria was now sick and nigh unto death, and Mrs. Judson became so weak,

from alternate visits from the prison to her home, and watchings by day and by night, that she could scarcely walk. Yet she set off for Ava, in a cart, for medicine and suitable food. She was seized, while absent, with one of the diseases of the country, and became so weak that her life was despaired of, and her only desire was to return to the prison, and lie down and die by the side of her husband. When she returned, the native cook burst into tears at the first sight he had of her person, so emaciated was her frame. She crawled on to a mat in the miserable room, and lay there, in extreme

feebleness and disease, for more than two months. Little Maria was also a very great sufferer. The mother's illness dried up her natural food, and not a nurse or drop of milk could be procured in the place. By bribes she at last induced the jailor to let Dr. Judson go out and take the emaciated little babe in his own feeble arms, and carry it around to mothers in the village who had young children, and beg of them a few drops of nourishment, that she might not die. But her little cries in the night, when this could not be done, were really heart rending. Sometimes the jailors seemed a little

softened, and allowed Dr. Judson to go to his wife for a little season; but again they would be as rigorous and demanding as they had ever been before; and she says, "our sufferings were beyond enumeration or description."

The prisoners were actually sent to this horrible place to be burnt alive, as a sacrifice to the gods; but the Burman general who designed their cruel end fell into the pit which he had digged for them, for he was shortly afterwards executed without ceremony, for embezzling the public funds.

Soon orders came for the release

of the missionaries; and after some difficulties with the avaricious jailors, who sought by pretence that Mrs. Judson was not included in the number, in order to extort more funds, they all, at last, with hearts more than glad and thankful, turned their backs upon the scenes of so much bitter sorrow, and looked abroad again on the fields of the world, all white and ready for the harvest, and panted to be able to thrust in the sickle and reap for the garner of their Lord, and be the means, if possible, of saving the souls of those who had been their most malignant persecutors and tormentors.

In view of all this, Dr. Judson writes—" March 25, 1826. Thanks to our heavenly Father, our lives have been preserved, in the most imminent danger, from the hand of the executioner, and in repeated instances of the most alarming illness, during my protracted imprisonment of one year and seven months—nine months I was bound in three pairs of fetters—two months in five—six months in one, and two months a prisoner at large. Subsequent to the latter period, I spent six weeks in the house of the north governor of the palace, who petitioned for my release, and took me under his charge ;

and finally, on the joyful 21st of February last, I took leave, with Mrs. Judson and family, of the scene of our sufferings, which, it would seem, have been unavailing to answer any valuable missionary purpose, unless so far as they may have been silently blessed to our spiritual improvement and capacity for future usefulness." He valiantly and piously adds—"I long for the time when we shall be able to re-erect the standard of the Gospel, and enjoy once more the stated worship and ordinances of the Lord's house. I feel a strong desire henceforth to know nothing among this people, but Jesus Christ and

him crucified; and, under an abiding sense of the comparative worthlessness of all worldly things, to avoid all secular occupation, and all literary and scientific pursuits, and devote the remainder of my days to the simple declaration of the all precious truth of the Gospel of our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

April 1st, Dr. Judson, with the commissioner of government, officiated in the ceremony of occupying and settling the capital of British India upon the site chosen and ceded mainly by his negotiations. He read the 60th chapter of Isaiah, and

prayed, after which the British flag was hoisted; and other ceremonies signalized the occupation of the spot as the seat of the English government in their newly ceded territories. Thither the Judsons removed, and begun again their work of faith and labor of love, little dreaming how soon the spot was to become sacred, yea, a sort of Mecca in all coming time to the missionaries and their beloved converts, because of the grave of her, of whom it is not saying too much to say, with him who knew her as no other earthly being could ever have known her—
“She was one of the first of women,

and the best of wives." His feelings it were vain for us to attempt to describe—it would be presumption in us even to pretend to imagine. Every heart gave him sympathy. He says to her mother, "I will not trouble you with an account of my own private feelings—the bitter, heart rending anguish which for some days would not admit of mitigation, and the comfort which the Gospel subsequently afforded; the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which brings life and immortality to light. Blessed assurance;—and let us apply it afresh to our hearts, that while I am writing, and you perusing these

lines, her spirit is resting, and rejoicing in the heavenly paradise—

“ ‘Where glories shine and pleasures
roll,

That charm, delight, transport the
soul;

And every parting wish shall be
Possessed of boundless bliss in
thee.’

And there, my dear mother, we shall soon be, uniting and participating in the felicities of heaven with her for whom we now mourn. Amen.—
Even so come, Lord Jesus.”

I trust you have all read an extended account of her death in her Memoirs, and looked on the picture

of her grave and the hopia tree, which is so beautifully sketched in Dr. Malcom's travels in India. You have also said, as you have gazed, with Mrs. Sigourney—

“ Rest! rest! the hopia tree is green,
And proudly waves its leafy screen
Thy lonely bed above;
And by thy side, no more to weep,
Thine infant shares the gentle sleep,
Thy youngest bud of love.”

In reviewing these sad scenes, Dr. Judson says—“ Death mocks at us, and tramples our dearest hopes and lives in the dust. Dreadful tyrant—offspring and ally of sin! But go on now, and do thy worst.

Thy time will come The last enemy
that shall be destroyed is death.
Yes, awful power, thou shalt devour
thyself, and die. And then, my an-
gelic Ann, and my meek, blue-eyed
Roger, and my tender hearted, affec-
tionate darling, Maria—my venera-
ble father—you, my dear sisters,
that still remain—our still surviving
parents, and, I hope, I myself, though
all unworthy, shall be rescued from
the power of death and the grave;
and when the crown of life is set on
our heads, and we know assuredly
that we shall die no more, we shall
make heaven's arches ring with
songs of praise, “to Him who hath

loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

O who is there present but exultingly believes that all, and more than he thus anticipated, has already been realized in the glory-world. On the 31st of January, 1834, Dr. Judson exclaims, "Thanks be to God, I can now say I have attained. I have knelt before *Him* with the last leaf in my hand, and imploring his forgiveness for all the sins which have polluted my labors in this department, and his aid in future efforts to remove errors and imperfections which necessarily cleave to the work, I have commended it to

his mercy and grace. I have dedicated it to his glory. May he make his own inspired word, now complete in the Burman tongue, the grand instrument in filling all Burmah with songs of praise to our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ!"

In April, 1834, Dr. Judson was married to Sarah B., widow of Mr. Boardman, founder of the Tavoy Mission. From this time forward he was mainly employed in revising new editions of the Scriptures which were being issued from the Burman press, preparing tracts for the people, and a large dictionary of the language, and in the duties of pastor to

the church of converted natives, which met in their own place of worship on the missionary premises. Occasionally he sallied forth for relaxation from intense mental application over his study table, and preached the Gospel in the neighboring villages, by the wayside, and along the banks of the river—a work in which his spirit delighted more than in any other, and in doing which he hoped to spend the evening of his days, had he lived beyond the necessary literary labors which seemed to have been imperatively imposed upon him. He has repeatedly told me that he desired no

greater luxury than to gather up his little equipage, and plunge into the jungle, surprise the tiger and jackal in their lair, or drive the crocodile from his slimy bed on the banks of the streams, as he, half stripped of his raiment, forded the many rivulets that came in their pathway. And as he thus passed from town to town, "while away what you," he added, "would have called the tedium of the journey, by singing,"

"On the mountain let me labor,
In the vallies let me tell
How he died, my precious Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell—
I love in heathen lands to dwell."

That the reality was more than the romance or mere poetry of the scene, will appear from what follows.

Mr. W. S. Robarts, with whom he resided while in our city, gives the following narrative from the Dr's. own lips:—"On one occasion, in making a tour of several hundred miles, I selected to accompany me, four Burmans, two of whom were Christians and two were heathen. As this journey was attended with danger, the heathen, agreeable to custom, previous to starting, made their offerings to their gods, and endeavored to prevail on their Chris-

tian companions to do the same, which was, of course, declined. During their progress, they had to cross an inlet of a river. I rolled my raiment above my knees, and with the heathen attendants, went high up the stream, and there waded across. The two Christians meanwhile, preferring a shorter route, waded through lower down—when suddenly my ears were saluted with piercing cries of distress. On hastening to the spot, I found that an enormous alligator had seized one of my Christian children, and borne him away beneath the water. My next and best view was of the monster

rising, at a considerable distance down the river, with his huge leg around the neck of the hapless man, displaying his turbaned head above the surface of the water, as if in exultation over his victim.

“This event caused me indescribable grief—first, on account of the loss of a very beloved convert; and secondly, inasmuch as it was ground of triumph for the poor heathen, who attributed their preservation to their propitiatory offerings.” Beautifully, while narrating this and similar catastrophes, was his sorrow manifested by his subdued tone, his bowed head, and the striking of his

hand to his noble brow, after the manner of the Orientals.

In 1845, Mrs. Judson's health so evidently declined, that, by the advice of physicians, as the only remedy from which any hope of prolonging her valuable life even cast a shadow or a gleam in prospect, was tried in a voyage which she intended to this country, but which ended in her death at sea, and burial at St. Helena. Speaking of this next sad trial among the many through which this war-marked servant of Jehovah passed, he says, "She continued to decline until we reached St. Helena, when she took her departure, not for

the setting sun, but the sun of glory that never sets, and left me to pursue a different course, and under very different circumstances from those anticipated in the lines she wrote to me a few days before her decease:—

“ We part on this green islet, love,
Thou for the eastern main,
I for the setting sun, love,
O when to meet again!”

At this time, she being better, Dr. Judson expected to return to Burmah, and let her come on to America alone, and arrange for their three children.

After her sad departure and solemn funeral had passed, among strangers, Dr. Judson says, "I hastened on board ship and immediately went to sea. On the following morning, no vestige of the island was visible in the distant horizon. For a few days, in the solitude of my cabin, with my poor children crying around me, I could not help abandoning myself to heart-breaking sorrow. But the promises of the Gospel came to my aid, and faith stretched her view to the bright world of eternal life, and anticipated a happy meeting with those beloved beings, whose bodies are

mouldering at Amherst and St. Helena."

Mrs. Emily Judson says, in her memoir of this remarkable woman,—"Had it been right, she would have preferred to die quietly in Burmah, rather than interrupt her husband's labors; and indeed her heart almost sunk at parting, for years, if not for life, with the most helpless of her babes, the eldest of the three being only four years of age. But duty demanded the sacrifice, and she had too long been obedient to his voice to think of opposition now."

Dr. Judson, after a voyage of six weeks from the grave of his Sarah,

landed in Boston, October 15, 1845. As soon as it was known, thousands were anxious to gaze upon the face and stand in the presence of the man of God, who had done so much good and seen so much sorrow. Consequently, every public place to which he went was thronged with crowds, all eager to greet and see him who, according to the Burman inquirer's remark was, emphatically, "Jesus Christ's man."

In a few days, a great meeting was held in New York, where it was my privilege, as it was of many others, to see him for the first time, and never, to my latest day, shall I forget that

look. Animated with a laudable desire to see him, and hear his gentle voice plead for Burmah in this city, my brethren deputed me to visit Boston, and in the name of Philadelphia plead with him to come here. I was successful; and after a cold, stormy ride, on the 24th December—a journey I remember as I remember none other in this world—we came to the wharf, and in a short time landed at the hospitable home of W. S. Robarts, Esq., where Dr. Judson tarried during his repeated and protracted visits to this city.

Dr. Judson, while here, participated in services of a missionary

character, which were held in most of the Baptist churches in our city, and in relation to his manner and address, a friend writes as follows:—

“ You remember, my dear sir, that as a public speaker, our departed friend was *entirely peculiar*—retiring, unostentatious, simple—apparently unconscious of the effect he produced, and shrunk from an exhibition of himself. His peculiarly humble and modest demeanor indicated to every one around that he was least of all anxious to be seen or heard for his own sake. Nothing could exceed in simplicity and forgetfulness of himself, the

manner in which he arose before an audience, who were silent and watchful in anxious suspense.

“His manner, you remember, was perfect calmness; and his voice, though faint, was perfectly melodious. Many in your church will remember the pearls that fell from his lips, when, at our sacramental board, he discoursed upon the Saviour’s three prayers—and others more highly, and I was about to say, *too* highly favored with his society in domestic retirement, can bear testimony to his affectionate intercourse, and to the fervency and beauty, yea, and the child-like sim-

plicity of his morning and evening devotions, and to *his uniform* Christian spirit; so, eminently was it the spirit of his Master, the meek and lowly, pure and holy Son of God."

So deeply interested were all who enjoyed the luxury of hearing Dr. Judson address the vast assemblies that gathered wherever he appeared in public, and so peculiarly impressive and solemn were both matter and manner, that their memory will long retain the substance of what he said. The only regret we ever heard expressed concerning them was, that such was the diseased state of his

vocal organs, that he spoke so low, so seldom, and so briefly.

An Episcopal friend, who enjoyed a large place in the Christian affection of this great and good man, says—

“It was my custom to record Dr. Judson’s words as soon as possible after listening to him; and they are now among those that are ever the most precious to me. I send you with great pleasure a copy of his address at the communion season, in your church, March 1st, 1846, the only time I ever met with him at the table of the Lord:”—

“Beloved brethren—It is a privi-

lege which cannot be too highly esteemed, that of approaching the cross, and looking up to Jesus through the emblems which he himself hath appointed. This privilege, my brethren, is at this time ours; let us, then, look unto Jesus, and gathering round the foot of the cross, listen, for a few moments, to the prayers he offered during his hours of mortal agony. He offered three petitions while hanging on the cross. The first was uttered about 9 o'clock in the morning, when he was seized by the brutal soldiery, and, thrown prostrate on the cross, the nails were driven through his hands and feet; then the cross was

raised and fixed in a place previously prepared in the ground, and, as it was driven down, and the whole weight thrown with a sudden jar upon the impaled hands and feet, the entire frame suffered a wrench of agony too terrible to be conceived. Then it was, at that moment of fearful suffering, that the first prayer was offered—‘Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.’

“He seized on the only point that can at all extenuate their guilt—‘they know not.’ ‘They know not that I am thy Son, beloved before the world was;—oh! my Father,

forgive them.' It was for his murderers that the first prayer upon the cross was offered; and oh! my brethren, it was for *us* too—for us, whose sins had rendered it necessary that he should die. He prayed for *us*, for whose sakes he bore that fearful suffering — 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' And may we not hope that the petition has been heard? that the sins committed by us, while yet we knew not, *have* been forgiven for his sake who suffered, and prayed, and died for us? And now that we *do* know the terrible price paid for our redemption, oh! can we ever crucify the Son of

God afresh, and put him to an open shame?

“For three dreadful hours he hung upon the cross, and we may well suppose that all the rage of earth and hell was let loose against him. But a still more awful trial remained, and at twelve o’clock, God withdrew his support—his Father’s face was veiled. Then, in anguish alike inconceivable and intolerable, he offered the second prayer—‘My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?’ Shall we suppose that this was the outburst of agony and despair? or shall we not rather think it was the effort of the Spirit, bewil-

dered by the anguish of that withdrawal, to recollect why it was thus forsaken, and to recall the memory of the sinners for whom he was thus suffering.

“ Oh! brethren, if Jesus had yielded then, where should we be? If, his Spirit failing under that intolerable weight of agony, he had refused any longer to endure such suffering, where should we be? and our children, and our friends, and those who have gone before us to glory, where would they be? and the dear Burman and Karen converts, where would they—where would we all be, if Jesus had yielded then?

But he did *not* yield;—he suffered on for three more awful hours, until the Father saw that all was accomplished—that the price of our redemption was paid—that enough suffering had been endured to render it possible for every individual of our lost race to find salvation. Then, when the price was fully paid, looking upwards to the blest abode he had inhabited from all eternity, and longing to spring upwards from the bloody cross to the rest and glory at his Father's right hand, he uttered the last petition, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit,' and the cords that bound his soul were

loosened, his head sunk upon his shoulder, and he ceased to breathe.

“ Oh! brethren, it was for *us* that this agony was endured; let us remember this, and though we cannot repay his love, let us give our hearts to him—let us devote our lives to his service. Let us live so, that, when we are called to die, we may use the last prayer of our Master, and saying, without fear, ‘ Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit,’ pass away to be forever with the Lord.”

The morning after arriving in our city, December twenty-fifth, Dr. Judson called at my house, and *providen-*

tially met and began an acquaintance with Emily Chubbuck, who, in a few months, became his third most remarkably gifted wife. She is the author of the *Memoir of Mrs. S. B. Judson*, one of the most popular books ever published—the profits of which amounting already to fifteen hundred dollars, being hers, she has given to the Treasury of the mission—as well as of other useful volumes. Now she is his lonely, stricken widow in a land far off beyond the sea, having charge of his two boys, sons by his former wife, and a little daughter—“the bird in her Indian nest,” of which she sung so sweetly,

sole pledge of that mutual love, which was doomed so soon to be tried by the stern sceptre of the King of Terrors, and the terror of kings.

Dr. Judson could not quietly remain long in this country. After making hasty visits to his birth place, and the few, very few survivors of his early days, he signified to the Mission Board his earnest desire speedily to depart. He seemed to say—

“ My soul is not at rest. There comes
a strange

And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on

Enchanted ground. Why live I here?

the vows

Of God are on me, and I may not stop

To play with shadows, or pluck earthly
flowers,

Till I my work have done, and ren-
dered up

Account. The voice of my departed
Lord,

‘Go teach all nations,’ from the eastern
world,

Comes on the night air, and salutes
my ear,

And I will go.”

“God fit me for the work;

God make me holy, and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife.

And when I come to stretch me for
the last,

It will be sweet to think,
That I have toiled for other worlds
than this.

I know I shall feel happier than to die
On softer bed. And if I should reach
heaven,

My spirit never will repent
That toil and suffering once were mine
below."

On the 11th day of July, 1846,
he and his lovely, gifted wife, usu-
ally known as Fanny Forester, with
associate laborers, embarked from
Boston. After praise and prayer,
which it was my privilege to enjoy
with him for the last time that he
heard an American voice.—then the

farewell grasp and kiss were exchanged, and we parted to meet no more, until the sea yields its precious treasures, the dead arise and come to judgment.

After reaching his Burman home, he toiled chiefly in Maulmain, though he spent several months in preaching the gospel in Rangoon, giving his attention mainly to his native church and dictionary, until, finally, he became so worn down with a disease of the liver, it was judged best that he should take a voyage to sea. After some weeks' waiting for a ship, he embarked for the Isle of Bourbon, April 3d, with the reluc-

tant consent of his friends, and against the earnest protestations of the native Christians, who steadfastly hoped, as they knew he had cherished the same, that it would be their privilege to be around him in his final solemn hour, and that his sacred dust should be buried in Burman soil, beside his beloved Ann, at Amherst, beneath the expanding branches of the ever green hopia tree.

There was much delay in leaving the harbor, during which, his dear wife, who could not leave her home-cares to accompany him, took advantage of the opportunity, with

native disciples and other missionaries, and made him several visits on ship board. When the sorrowful luxury of the last sad interview was over, Mrs. Judson retired to her room, and composed the following—
“*a Prager for dear Papa,*”—which she taught her two little boys to offer for him who was far off on the sea. I give it a place here, that you may catch a glimpse of the missionary’s home circle, and how his children are trained by that remarkably gifted mother, whom God has ordained to be their only parent:—

“Poor and needy little children,
Saviour God, we come to thee,

For our hearts are full of sorrow,
And no other hope have we.
Out upon the restless ocean,
There is one we dearly love;
Fold him in thine arms of pity,
Spread thy guardian wings above.

When the winds are howling round
him,
When the angry waves are high,
When black, heavy midnight shadows
On his trackless path-way lie,
Guide and guard him, blessed Saviour,
Bid the hurrying tempests stay,
Plant thy foot upon the waters,
Send thy smiles to light his way.

When he lies, all pale and suffering,
Stretched upon his narrow bed,

With no loving face bent o'er him,
No soft hand about his head,
O let kind and pitying angels
Their bright forms around him bow!
Let them kiss his heavy eyelids,
Let them fan his fevered brow.

Poor and needy little children,
Still we raise our cry to thee;
We have nestled in his bosom,
We have sported on his knee;
Dearly, dearly, do we love him,
We who on his breast have lain;
Pity now our desolation!
Bring him back to us again!

If it please thee, heavenly Father,
We would see him come once more,
With his olden step of vigor,
With the love-lit smile he wore;

But if we must tread life's valley,
Orphaned, guideless, and alone,
Let us lose not 'mid the shadows,
His dear foot-prints to thy throne."

The native disciples saw evidently the approaching catastrophe. Ko-En and Ko-Sway Doke begged that he might be taken back to Maulmain. They wanted his grave to be made where they and the other disciples could look upon it, and be buried by it when they die. But this rich boon to them and the church in Burmah was not to be enjoyed; the ship sailed, and they saw his benignant face, and manly but toil-stooped form no more.

Soon as they left the harbor, his disease began to develop its violence, and he said no one could conceive the intensity of his sufferings. At any moment from that time, death would have been a glad relief, and its immediate prospect caused no peculiar emotion of either fear or transport. A hiccough set in, which he said, "is rapidly killing me." Medicine being given, but taking no effect, he said, "It is of no use. I do not wish any one to think I died, because all was not done that could be done for me. The disease will take its course. O that I could die at once, and go immediately into

Paradise, and be with Jesus, where there is no pain!"

He said to Mr. Ranney, a brother missionary, who accompanied him in his voyage, and was ever by his side—"I am glad you are here. I do not feel so abandoned. You are my only kindred now—the only one on board who loves Christ, I mean; and it is a great comfort to have one near me who loves Christ." Mr. Ranney said, "I hope you feel that Christ is now near, sustaining you." "O yes," he replied, "*it is all right there*; I believe he gives me just so much pain and suffering as is necessary to fit me to die—to make me

submissive to his will." He said, "O how few there are who suffer such great torment, who die so hard!"

Soon his fever was evidently the fever of death. He seldom spoke, but signified his few wants mostly by signs, and his countenance became that of a dying man. On Friday, the twelfth, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he said to Poona-paoh, his faithful Burmese servant, in the native language, "It is done; I am going." Shortly after, he made a sign with his hand downwards, which not being understood, he drew Mr. Ranney's ear close to

him, and said, convulsively, "Brother Ranney, will you bury me—bury me?—quick!—quick!" The words were probably prompted by the idea of making his grave in the sea. Mr. Ranney leaving for a moment, Dr. Judson spoke to the servant, in both English and Burmese, of Mrs. Judson, saying, "take care of poor mistress," and at fifteen minutes past four o'clock, breathed his last.

"His death," says Mr. Ranney, "was like falling to sleep; not the movement of a muscle was perceptible, and the moment of the going out of life was indicated by his

ceasing to breathe. A gentle pressure of the hand, growing more and more feeble as life waned, showed the peacefulness of the spirit about to take its homeward flight,"—

“ There was sorrow on the sea.”

A strong plank coffin soon received the body, several buckets of sand were poured in to make it sink, and at eight o'clock in the evening the crew assembled, the larboard port was opened, and in perfect silence, broken only by the voice of the captain, the remains were committed to the deep, in latitude 13° north, longitude 93° east, nine days after their embarkation from Maulmain, and

scarcely three days out of sight of the mountains of Burmah. Thus, all of it that was earthly, ended the glorious life, and was consummated the sublime death and ocean burial of Adoniram Judson.

“ He has done with the things of time — they attract, they torment him no more; the bonds of nature could no longer hold a spirit so prepared for heaven.” The last wish was expressed — the last scarcely perceptible struggle was felt, and he fled to enjoy the immediate presence of God, and to join the society of those whom living he loved, and dying he fondly remembered.

“It is night—the sun has finished his daily course, and begins to enlighten another hemisphere—‘the moon leads forth the hosts of heaven,’ her beams begin to tremble on the deep blue waters—all is silence, save the muffled tread of the sturdy mariner, making preparation to commit the precious dust of the Burman apostle to its billowy grave.

“Ah! and is it so, that rude hands must deposit the dear remains, to be tost by the tempests, and be jostled by the monsters of the deep? Shall nought but the harsh wailing of the wind and the shriek of the storm bird clamor his

dirge? No; as on the birth-day of creation, even so now the Spirit of God moves on the face of the waters; and he still gives his angels charge to keep him—to tend and watch the sainted missionary's coffin barque, as it bears its precious freight, drifting through the recesses of unfathomable abyss—continuing their celestial pilotage until the consummation of the prediction, that 'The sea, also, shall give up its dead.' ”

When we remember the many bereavements, and the severe sufferings which darkened almost the entire progress of his useful life—the lonely

agony of his last hours—his silent burial, and solemn tomb—the ocean for his sepulchre, the coral mountains his monument, the sea grass for his shroud, and the winds and waves sound his requiem. We feel that there is, indeed, a sublime likeness in the concluding scene with that of the entire career of this most wonderful man.

His whole life, his moral pulsations from the early age of about twenty, were unlike, and altogether in advance, and elevated far above, the spirit of the generation to which he belonged. His noble daring—his more than heroic courage—his

untiring, unwearied recurrence to toils, which brought bonds and imprisonments—his benevolence, giving first himself and his all; and then, when rewarded for services rendered in settling peace between Burmah and the English, being chosen to the office by both powers, having received ten thousand dollars, he nobly gave it all to Burman missions. O, he lived, he labored, he died, he is buried, as it became himself alone to die and be buried!—"He is not, for God took him;" and as literally almost as Jehovah buried Moses the servant of God, so was divinely buried the venerable mis-

sionary, Adoniram Judson. Angels wrapped him in his favorite element the sea — God's own tide-woven winding-sheet, great Ocean — emblem of himself and of vast eternity.


It may not be amiss to quote one here who has contributed the very appropriate and touching lines of poetry that adorn a few of our pages, especially as that young disciple of Christ, as often as almost any other not resident at his lodgings, enjoyed his Christian counsel and company.

“ My intercourse with Dr. Judson, while it is to me the dearest recollection of my whole life, was not of a character that would interest others.

It was his frequently expressed wish, that I should accompany himself and Mrs. Judson to Burmah, and our conversation generally turned upon that point. How vividly now is he recalled to my mind! thus writing of him, so loved, so honored, every word, every look, comes back to me, so freshly as to seem almost like a real presence; and you who were privileged to know him longer, and more familiarly than I, how many precious memorials you must have!

“How gladly would I console Mrs. Judson in her bereavement! Yet what mockery mere words would seem to a grief like hers. I enclose

a tribute to the memory of Dr. Judson, and send it you; because I feel as though you could sympathize with the deep feeling which dictated it as very few can; for I know you loved Dr. Judson, even as he loved you, better than most whom he met."



"My Father! my Father! the chariot of Israel,
and the horsemen thereof."

Oh! words of passionate grief! Oh!
wild outbreking
Of a stern spirit nerved to aught
but this,
The parting that from life its light was
taking,

E'en though it bore the loved to rest
and bliss,
Ye strike the key-note of my soul
to-day,
And its intense emotions must have
sway.

Oh! loved and lost! in thy far heavenly
dwelling,
Seest thou the grief of those who
mourn thee here?
Ah! the deep woe with which our hearts
are swelling,
Can reach thee never in that blissful
sphere:
And, God be thanked that thou canst
weep no more!
But what can gladness to our hearts
restore?

My father! oh! my father! strong
emotion

Defies the words that would express
its power,

Rolling across my soul as rolls the ocean
Above thy unmarked grave this
bitter hour:

And I can only weep in agony,
Vainly endured. Would I had died
for thee!

I would look up, but tears my sight
are blinding,

I long to trace thee to thy house on
high;

But earth's dark chain my aching
heart is binding

To the lone ship where thou wert
called to die,—

To the form sinking in the deep, deep
tide,
Which e'en its resting place shall ever
hide.

I know the spirit is not there, but even
The dear hand laid in blessing on
my head,
The brow on which was set the seal
of heaven,—
The eye from which the kindly beam
has fled,—
E'en these were precious as my life to
me!
How can I yield them to the stormy sea?
Be still, my heart, be still! cease thy
repining!
What is thy grief to that which
others know?

Thy loss to Burmah's, where each day-
beam shining,

Upon their darkness to his love they
owe!

Weep, Burmah! none who follow him
can be

All he has been, as light and guide to
thee!

And the sad home, once by his bright
smile lighted,

Now, alas! shrouded as in Egypt's
gloom,—

And the crushed heart of her, whose
life is blighted,

And must go down in sorrow to the
tomb.

God of the widow! make her life thy care;
O! let the fatherless thy blessing share.

His vacant place, oh! who can fill it
ever?

Well may we weep in anguish o'er
his grave.

His grave?—Ah! shall we kneel be-
side it never?

Above it rolls the unfathomable wave.
Would that he slept beneath the Hopia
tree,
Or in thy breast, far island of the sea!

Once more, be still, my heart! His
peaceful slumbers

Are not disturbed by the wild sea
storm's rage;

Shake off the sadness which thy spirit
cumbers,

And let a loftier theme thy thoughts
engage.

Look up! e'en though tears dim thy
vision still,
To his bright home upon the heavenly
hill.

"In heaven! in heaven," he whispered
when we parted:

"There the sad word farewell is
heard no more,"

And to that world, where none are
broken hearted,

Henceforth more earnestly than e'er
before,

I press, and thou, my pole-star still
shall be,

A magnet drawing me to heaven and
thee.

What, though above thee sweeps the
unheeding ocean!

There needs no marble to record
thy name ;
Burmah, the land of thy sublime
devotion,
Is thy enduring monument of fame.
Thy memory e'en on earth shall never
die,
And thy best record is above the sky.
Rest, then, beloved! Even while our
tears are falling,
Thy name, so long a watch-word,
through the host
Of Christ is ringing, to each soldier
calling,
"Haste to the field! A veteran at
his post
Is fallen to-day. Who to his place
will fly?

Who fill the breach?—haste, for the
heathen die!”

And some *must* heed the call—the
slumbers trancing

So many spirits, at that cry must
yield,

And, even in death thy Master's cause
advancing,

Thy fall shall summon others to the
field.

He who removed thee “doeth all
things well,”

And thou art happy—we dare not
rebel.

But, to thy work—by the deep love we
bore thee,

By the sweet hope of meeting thee
again,

By the wild grief we know cannot
 restore thee,
 Yet which no effort can as yet
 restrain,
We pledge ourselves, till life itself is
 o'er,
Or Jesus' empire spread from shore to
 shore.

Hasten that day, Oh! Saviour! let its
 dawning
 Gladden the hearts of those who
 trust in thee,
Till, in the light of thy millennial
 morning,
 Those we have mourned for, rise
 from land and sea,

And we—Oh! help us so life's load to
bear,
That we thy glory and their bliss may
share!

R. A. R.

Mount Holly, N. J., 1850.

In correspondence with persons in this country, Dr. Judson had to limit himself mostly to his family connexions, and those whose official relations to the mission entitled them to receive letters to some extent from all who are in the glorious service of the Union.

After his return, however, he wrote to me some familiar epistles, which it would be improper to pub-

lish; yet, knowing that the merest line from one who was so eminent in the Church, and so beloved by individuals, is looked upon with an interest that seldom attaches to uninspired productions, I venture to select and insert here the following familiar paragraphs:—

“ *Maulmain, Oct. 1849.*

“ Dear brother G.,—I hope dear wife keeps up correspondence with you and yours properly; however, I feel as if it would do my heart good to write you a letter myself. How glad I should be to step into your home, and spend an evening with you and dear Mrs. G. It seems to

me that I should enjoy your company far more now than when I was with you.

“ I should like very much to have you find a spare hour, and sit down and tell me about your family, and church and brother clergymen in Philadelphia, and particularly those individuals that I knew. I suppose death has been at work there as well as every where else. I am glad to hear that your University affairs are well settled, and that Br. Kincaid is coming out again—especially as that will release me from the obligation to go to Ava.

“ Emily’s health is delicate—her

hold on life is very precarious; yet she may live on many, many years. She has already outlived several whose health was much more robust; "and while she does live, she will be a blessing to us all, whether near or remote. I never cease to thank God that I found her, accidentally as it were, under your roof.

"I am still hard at work on the dictionary, and shall be for more than a year to come, if I live so long. The work will make two volumes quarto, containing above a thousand pages. No one can tell what toil it has cost me. But I trust it will be a valuable and

standard work for a long time. It sweetens all toil to be conscious that we are laboring for the King of kings, and the Lord of lords. I doubt not we find it so, whether in Maulmain or in Philadelphia.

“ Most affectionately yours,

“ A. JUDSON.”

In the last letter I received from this godly man's pen he says:—

“ My dear brother G.,—I do want to see you, that I do; but it cannot be—

“ Severed from thee by stormy seas,
And the wide world's expanse.”

Let us travel on, and our ways, though now diverse, are tending both

to the same blessed home. There may we meet with our respective churches, in the enjoyment of everlasting life.

“Yours most affectionately,

“A. JUDSON.”

“Of all voices, the most impressive are the voices from the tomb—those by which the departed, though dead, yet continue to speak. The aroused feelings speak powerfully in behalf of warnings and testimonies given from the sepulchre. The advice of a dead father has been effectual often in producing a reformation in character, which, so long as he lived, it had been wholly inadequate

to induce. The affectionate solicitations of a departed mother have exerted an influence on conduct, through the fact of her departure, which, ere the grave closed over her, they had altogether failed to exert. In another sense than that of the Apostle, the testimony which was without force so long as the testator lived, becomes a powerful instrument in consequence of his death."

On this principle, there attaches a peculiar value to the ocean wide cemetery and mountain wave monument of Dr. Judson. In piling up these mighty waters, Jehovah doubtless intended to give to the plaintive

voice, with the ever earnest and affectionate manner of this lover of his species and of his God, a tenfold impressiveness, from the tremendous echoes of "the great and wide sea."







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